15 Words 15c & Farmer Classified Ads & Phone 1208



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Thy!" And Whithrop smiled wan-Because I'm a particulty barmless old tenderfeet." And his voice

Because I'm a particity harmless to old tendertout." And his voice to the task to langh.

Illust once that wight the tramp, real-dictant this easy going young casttes, wealthy usused to handship, to to the beatth, had his battle to
these wall. "I've knowed 'em to get
it," reflected Overland. "She's
th' and dry up have on the desert.
I seeken to go where it's higher.
I seeken to go where it's higher.
I seeken to go where it's higher.
I guess he's right, the right range,
he's got to pass over he might as
if go quick. Rebby he's the best
d of a pai for this deal, after all."
beattend lepted across at the mufform. "Fardnest" he called. Win
top all not answer.

Well, it sever-explainin'," muttered
tramp, and he rose quietly. He

did not enever.

did, it sever explainin'," muttered man, and he rose quietty. He said the fay camp utentle tome, sailed his biantets, breaked over the embers of the fire and a stanishing toward the burro, upon the pack, girncing back to-

paint heavily.

The poly back and get that mattered Overland. "I might ture. Anyway, he might wake at ging his old friend the constants, he transport the constants, he transport the constants, but I don't to see the kid get in wrong."

In Overland, willy and resourceful color testion, hed the burro round may be a wife circle, from which mached award the hills to the large testion, he to the hills to the large testion. Any the foothirs, he had the confidence of the sentile matter. Arriving harrow carryen in the foothirs, he had the foothirs, he had the foothirs. Then he sat down not continue with his pack and teems? He could camp in the set of the mountain bountry and it alone. He would run less of the mountain bountry and it alone. He would run less of explane. Winthrop was not The matterner meant well

water I'm goin' back-to-the tenderfoot see him through if I swing pole

The the sun came the faint that seeds as two riders came warfly up he water hele. One dismounted and pad over Winthrop. The other sat tome, ellent, vigilant, saturnine, by, where's your pal, that there shad Red gay?" asked the constantating Winthrop awake and glare, making Winthrop awake are glar-g at him with a blessed and baleful

man on the home frowned, con-ng, in the dight at his experience mecantalead will living two gan that such tactics were rather

The conterner sat up, soughed and blinked in the dawn. "Where is what? Why, good morning! You're-up early." And his eye pwept the empty camp. So Overland Red had deserted him after all. He might have expected as much. "I haven't any pal, as you can see, I'm out here studying insect life, as I told you I would be yesterday. You needled, shady me any more. I'm await, I ame't say that I'm exactly pleased with my fine-up that I'm exactly pleased with my fine-up that I'm exactly pleased with my fine-up points."

"Oh, I'm a specimen, am I? I'm a lasses, hey? Well, you're quocked, and you just delk up quick or the existeone for yours!"

"No. I beg your pardon; but, no You are in no condition this morning to talk with a gentleman. However

The horseman's eyes twinkled, He admired the young easterner's coolness. Not so the constable, "See here, you swindlin' tin horn thail shower, you caught up where Overland Red is or thereil' be somethin' don'! You deped that hoose yesterday, but you can't throw no bluff like that today."

"I did what? Please talk slowly."
"You doped that booze you"—
Much to the constable's surprise, he cand himself sitting on Winthrop's lankets, and one of his eyes felt as

righ some one had begun to stitch ap enickly with coarse thread.
Vinthrop, smiling serenely, nodded.
mry to have to do it. I know I

The constable got to his feet. "I didn't doctor the brandy, as you intimated," said Winthrop. "And you edn't finger that belt of yours, 1 haven't a gun with me, and I believe it is not the thing for one man to use a gun on another when the er vic

tim happens to be unarmed."

The horseman, who had courage, admired Winthrop's attitude. He rode between them, "Cut it out, Hicks," he said. "You're actin' locoed, Guess you're carryin' your load yet. I'll talk to the kid. We're loain' time. See

here; stranger"— Overland, watching and listening

Overland, watching and listening from his hiding place, grinned as the constable sullenly mounted his horse. Winthrop politaly but firmly declined to acknowledge that he had had a companion. Overland was pleased and the riders were bassed by the young man's subile evasion of answering them directly.

"Sine of it is you're stung," said the man who had questioned Winthrop last, "He's lit out; he's done you."

To this the casterner made no reply. The homemen rode away, following the circle of burno tracks toward the hills. Winthrop watched them, wondering what had become of his companion. He could hardly believe that the tramp had descrind him, yet the evidence was pretty pinin. Even his revolver was gone and his beit and cartridges. Winthrop yawned, He was hungry. These was no food, but there was water. He walked toward the water hole.

"Stand sill and listen," said a yoice.

"Stand still and listen," said a voice, Winthrop jumped back, startled and trembling. The voice seemed to come from the water hole at his feet.

from the water hole at his feet.

"Over here—this way," the voice said.

Winthrop smiled. If it were a disembodied spirit talking it was no other than the spirit of Overland Red.

The ascent was uninistakable. The easterner glanced round and observed a peculiar something behind the brush edging the rise beyond the water hole.

"It's me," said Overland, still con-caled. "Thought I quit you, eh? Are hem fellas out of sight yet?"
"No; they're still in sight. They are

too far to see anything, though."

"And you can see them all right, son? That don'prigure out correct."

Winthrop laughed. "That's so. Where's the burso?"

little erroya"
"Won't they find him and confiscate

"Won't they find him and confiscate him and the things?"

"Not on your life! "Tain't exactly healthy, even for constables, to go round confiscation" outfits they don't know who's connected with. They can't any for sure that burlo and stuff is mine. They'll look it over and leave it right there."

"But why did you come all the way back here?" solved Winthrop. "Secin' they's lots of time, I'll ex-plain. If I had kep' on goin' they would 'a' trailed me and mebby got a



night. Now there either give it up or spot my back tracks and find me here.

"Perhaps that mentabe cit," venture

Winthrop, watking foward the ridge where Overland key concealed.

The tramp grinned up at him, "Mebby not, pardner. You was tellin' Sweemey Orcutt back in Los Angeles that you wanted to get up against the reni thing. I recken you bought the right ticket this trip,"

"Will they will there he any shoot ing?" arked the easterner,

"Not if I can bely it," replied Over-land. "I borrowed your gun on the chance of it. 'Course if they get sassy, why, they's no tellin' what will happen. I'm mighty touchy about some things. But listen! I'm actin' as your travelin' insurance agant pro temperly, as the pote says, which means keepin' your temper. If they do spot me and get foolish enough to think that I got time to listen to any arguments against my rights as a free and unbranded citisen of the big range why, you drop and roll behind the first sandhill that is a foot high. After the smoke blows away I'll be dee-lighted to accept your Cyrus Pharmacy, 418 Fairfield Ave. fore the Senate.

The tramp lay curled like a snake behind the mound. He drew Winthrop's gun from its holster and inspected it, shaking his head as he slid it back again. "She's new and will pull stiff. That means she'll throw to the right. Well, I got the little Gat to open up the show with."

William Stanley Winthrop, despite his resolution, found that his hands trembled and that his heart beat chokingly. He wanted to shout, to run out toward the horsemen, to do anything rather than sit stupidly silent by

The two riders loped up. The con-stable dismounted. "Nothin' doin'," he said, stooping to drink. "No; nothing doing!" echoed the man

on horseback. "That," muttered Overland Red. squirming a little higher behind the bushes, "was intended for me. I know that tone. It means there's a lot doin' Well, I'm good and ready." And he lifted both of his red, hairy hands to the edge of the hole, and both his

hands were "alled." About then the man on the pony be gan to ride out from the water hole in a wide circle. The constable came from the spring. Overland noticed that he kept Winthrop between himself and the sage on the ridge. "That settles it," Overland swiftly concluded. "They're on. I'm right sad to

The heavy, space blunted report of the circling horseman's gun, and Overland calmly spat out the sand that flitted across his lips. The rider had ventured a shot and bad ridden behind a ridge instantly.

Winthrop exclaimed at these strange

"He seen a jack run in there," explained the constable, leering.
"This here's gettin' interestin'," mumbled Overland as the constable unholstered his gun and sauntered toward the ridge. "I got to get the gent on the cayuse. The other one don't

The rider had appeared from behind the ridge. Slowly Overland raised his right hand. Then the old fighting soul of Jack Summers, sheriff of Abilene, rebelled. "No! Hanged if I'll ambush any white man!" And he leaped to his feet. "Overland Limited!" he shouted, and with his battlecry came the quick tattoo of shots. The horse man wavered, doubled up and pitched

Overland Red dropped and rolled to one side as the constable's gun boomed ineffectually. The tramp lay still. A clatter of empty stirrups, the swish of a horse galloping past, and silence. Slowly the constable approached Overland's prostrate figure. "Time's up for you!" he said, covering the tramp with his gun.

"Water!" groaned Overland. "Water, eh? Well, crawl to it, you

Winthrop, his heart thumping wildly, followed the constable. -So this was desert law? No word of warning or inquiry, but a hall of shots, a riderless ree-two men stretched upon the

"You seem to kind of recognize your friend now," sneered the constable. That was too much for Winthrop's overstrung nerves. His pulses roared in his ears. With a leap he seized the constable's gun and twisted at it with both hands. There was an explosion, and Winthrop grinned savagely, still struggling. With insane strength he finally tore the gun from the other's grasp. "You're the only coward in this affair," he gasped as he leveled the gun at the constable. That officer, reading danger in Winthrop's eye, dis-

creetly threw up his hands. "Good!" exclaimed Overland, sitting up suddenly. "That was risky, but it worked out all right. I had a better plan. You go set down, Billy. I'll see

this gent safe toward home. Winthrop laughed hysterically. "Why, you-you-you're a joke!" he cried.

"So did the little man with the pie pan pinned on his shirt," said Over-land. "You keep his gun. I got to see how had the other gent's hit. An hour later the constable of the desert town led his pony toward the

railroad. On the pony was his com-panion, with both arms bandaged. He leaned forward brokenly, swaying and cursing. "I'll—get him if it takes—a thousand years!" he muttered. "I reckon it'll take all of that."

growled the constable. "You can have all you want of his game, Saunders.

Out by the water hole Overland turn ed to Winthrop. "I'm glad you enjoyed the performance," he said, grinning. "We've opened the pot, and the best man rakes her down. She's desert law from now to the finish."

> CHAPTER XI. Fool's Luck.

HREE days they rested in the wild seclusion of the canyon. The silence, the solemnity of the place, fascinated Winthrop. The tiny stream, cold and clear; the vegetation in a region otherwise barren gray and burning; the arid Mojave with its blistering heat; the trees; the painted rocks-ochre, copper, bronze red, gray and dim lilac in the distances; the gracious shade, the little burro, half ludicrous, half pathetic in its stolid acceptance of circumstances -all had a charm for him that soothed

Meanwhile the indefatigable Over land spun yarn after yarn of the road and range and rolled innumerable cigarettes with one hand, much to Winthrop's amusement.

(To Be Continued.)

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the New York Cotton Exchange for

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Five bandits captured by government troops after holding up ranches in the La Guma district, have been executed. An automobile owned and driven

by W. J. Schmidt, was smashed by a

train at Southampton, L. I. Schmidt was not hurt. The Senate Fiance Committee de cided to eliminate the stamp tax on insurance in the revenue bill now be-

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